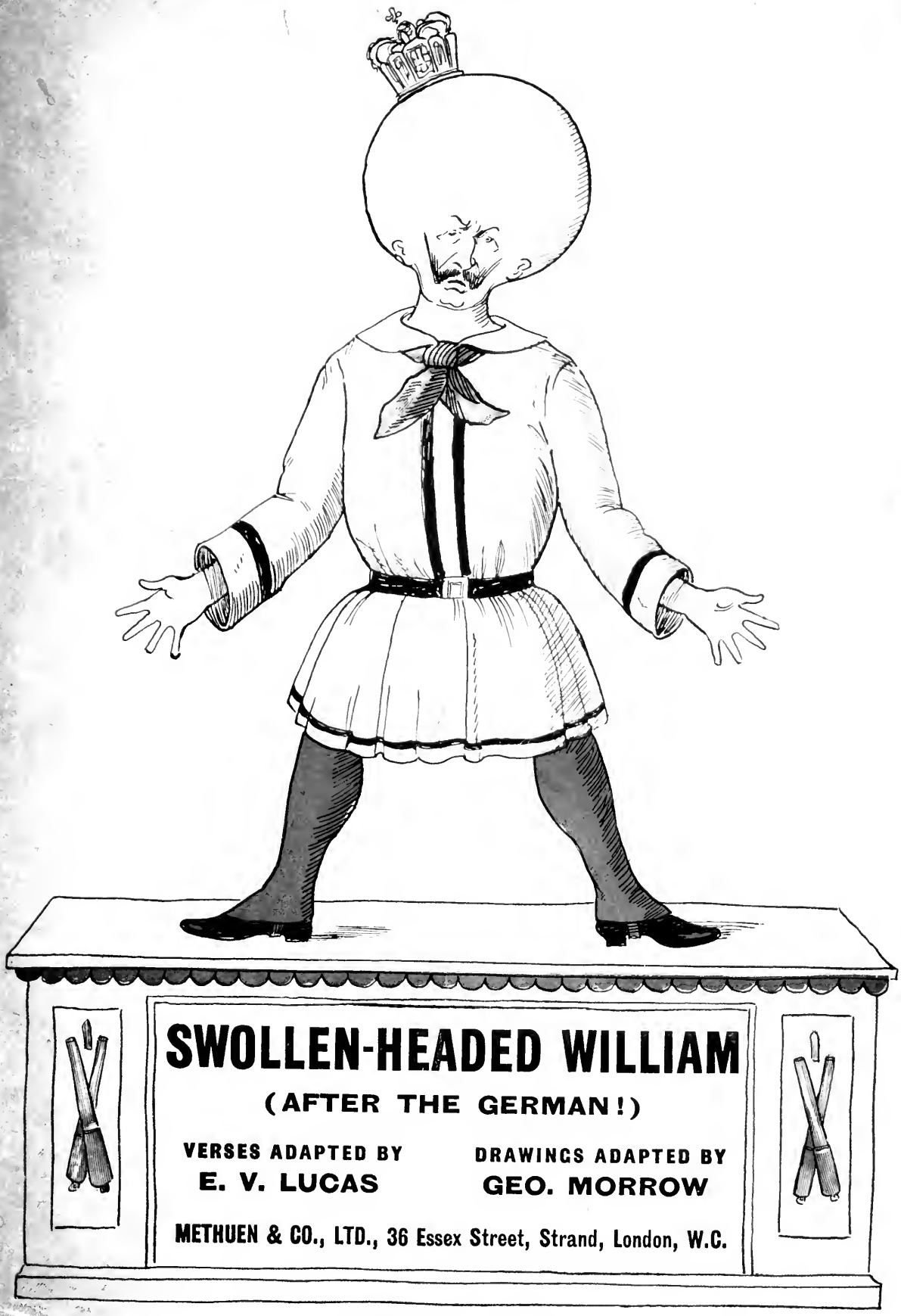
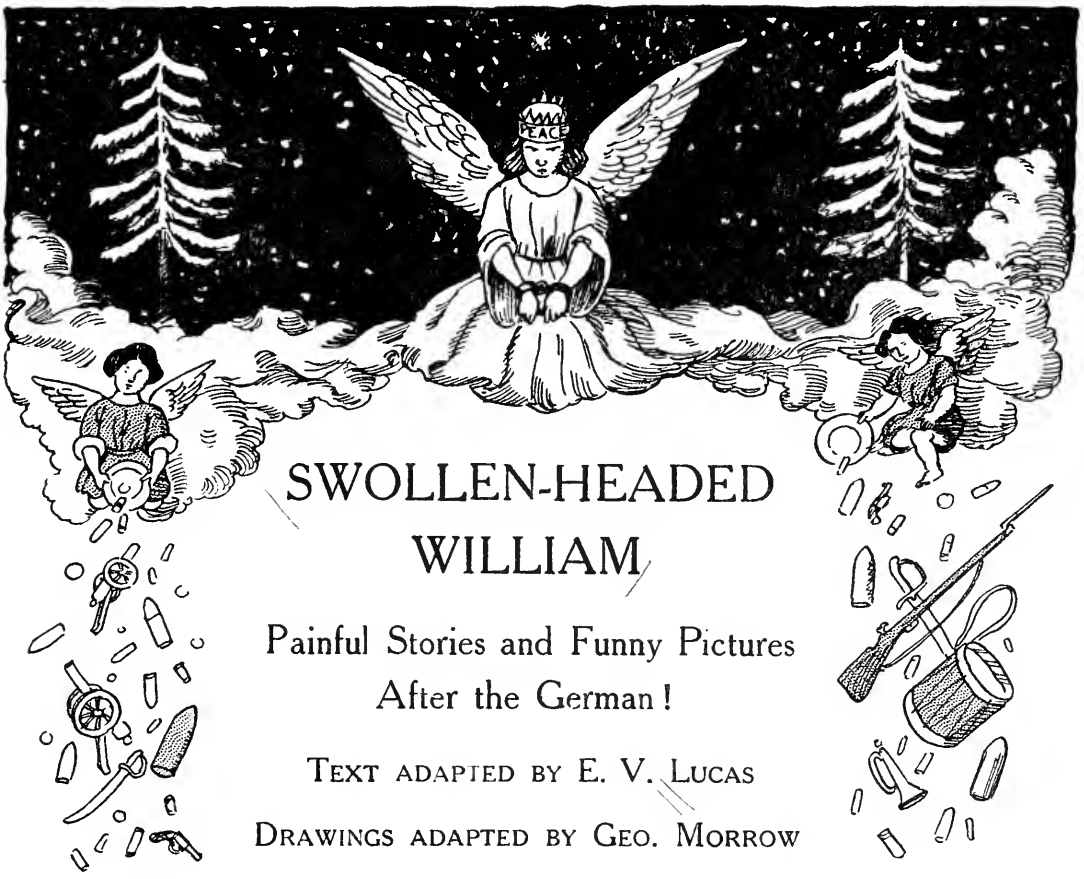


ONE SHILLING NET

Louis Astley-Cock
1914



SWOLLEN-HEADED WILLIAM

Painful Stories and Funny Pictures After the German!

TEXT ADAPTED BY E. V. LUCAS

DRAWINGS ADAPTED BY GEO. MORROW

LONDON
METHUEN & CO., LTD.

Second Edition

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First Published . . *October 1st 1914*
Second Edition . . . *October 6th 1914*

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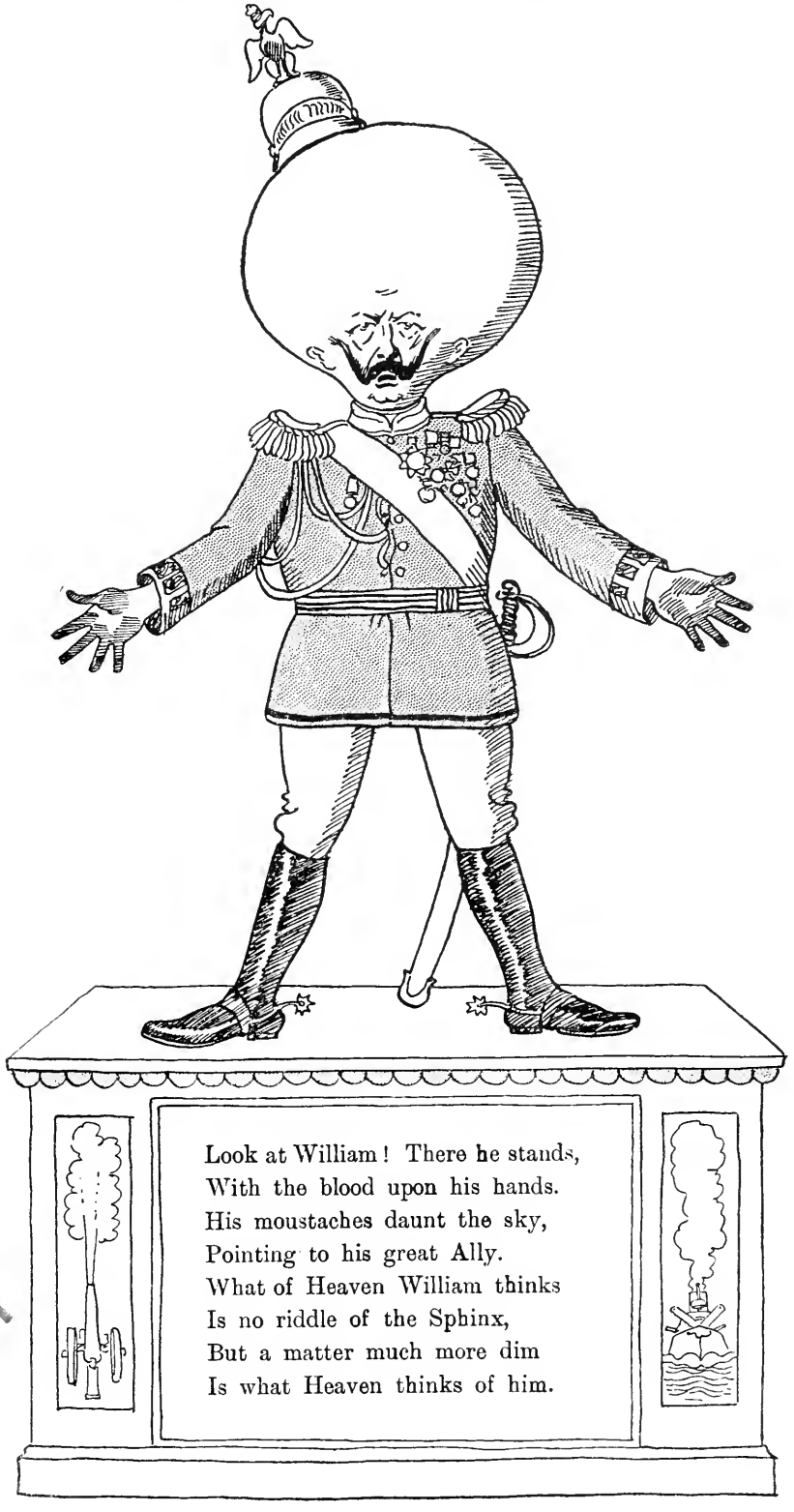
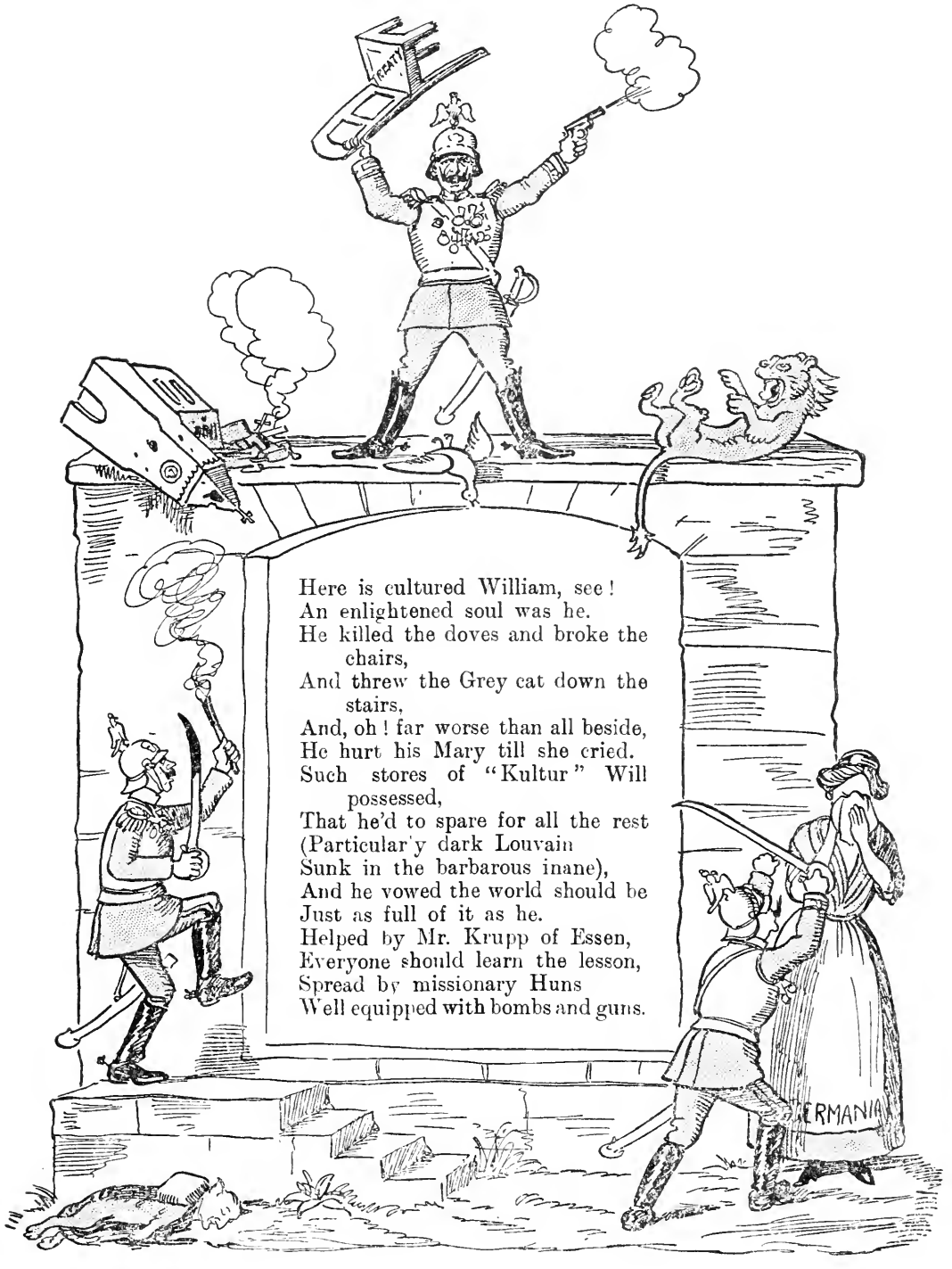
1. SWOLLEN-HEADED WILLIAM.

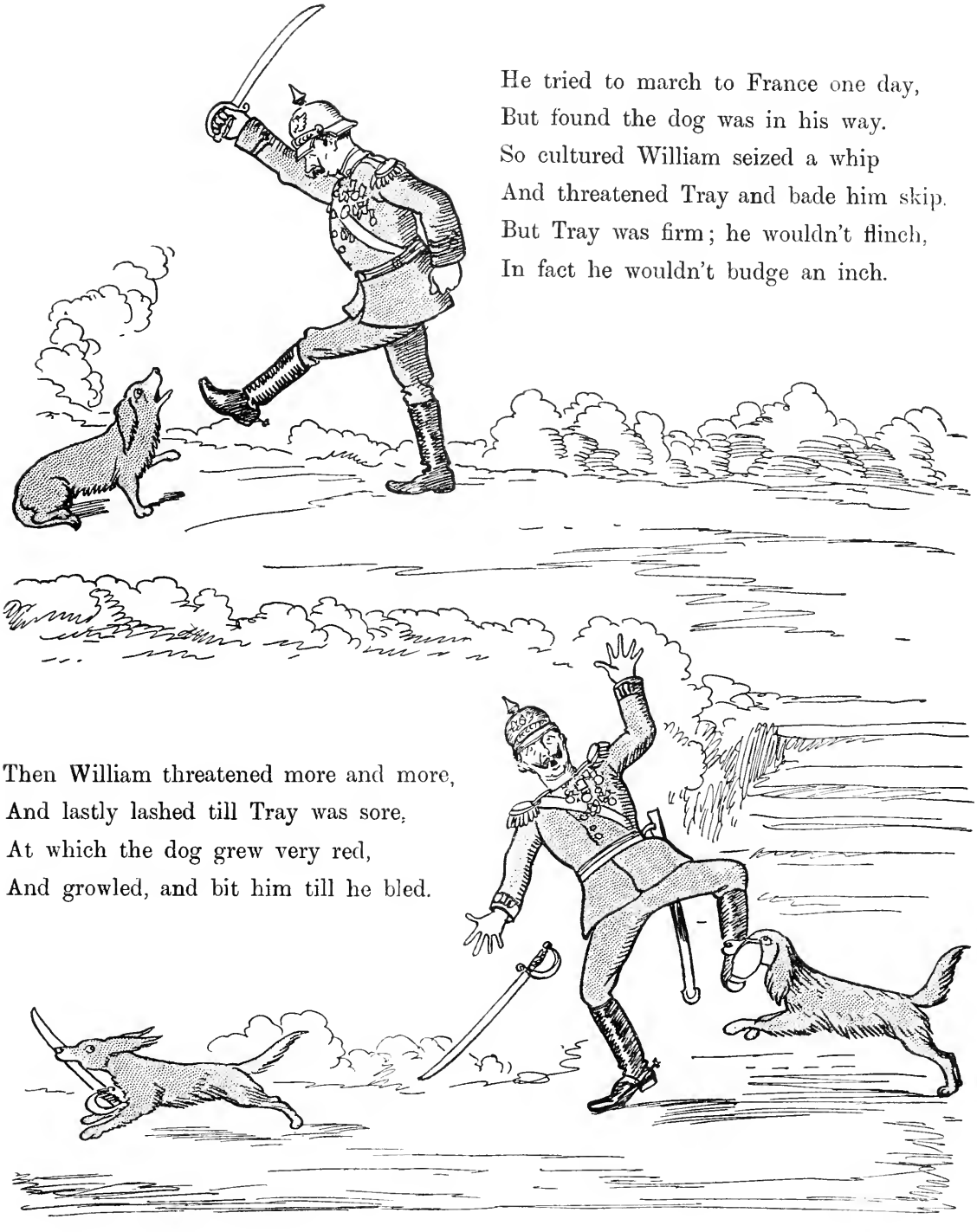


Look at William! There he stands,
With the blood upon his hands.
His moustaches daunt the sky,
Pointing to his great Ally.
What of Heaven William thinks
Is no riddle of the Sphinx,
But a matter much more dim
Is what Heaven thinks of him.

2. THE STORY OF CULTURED WILLIAM.

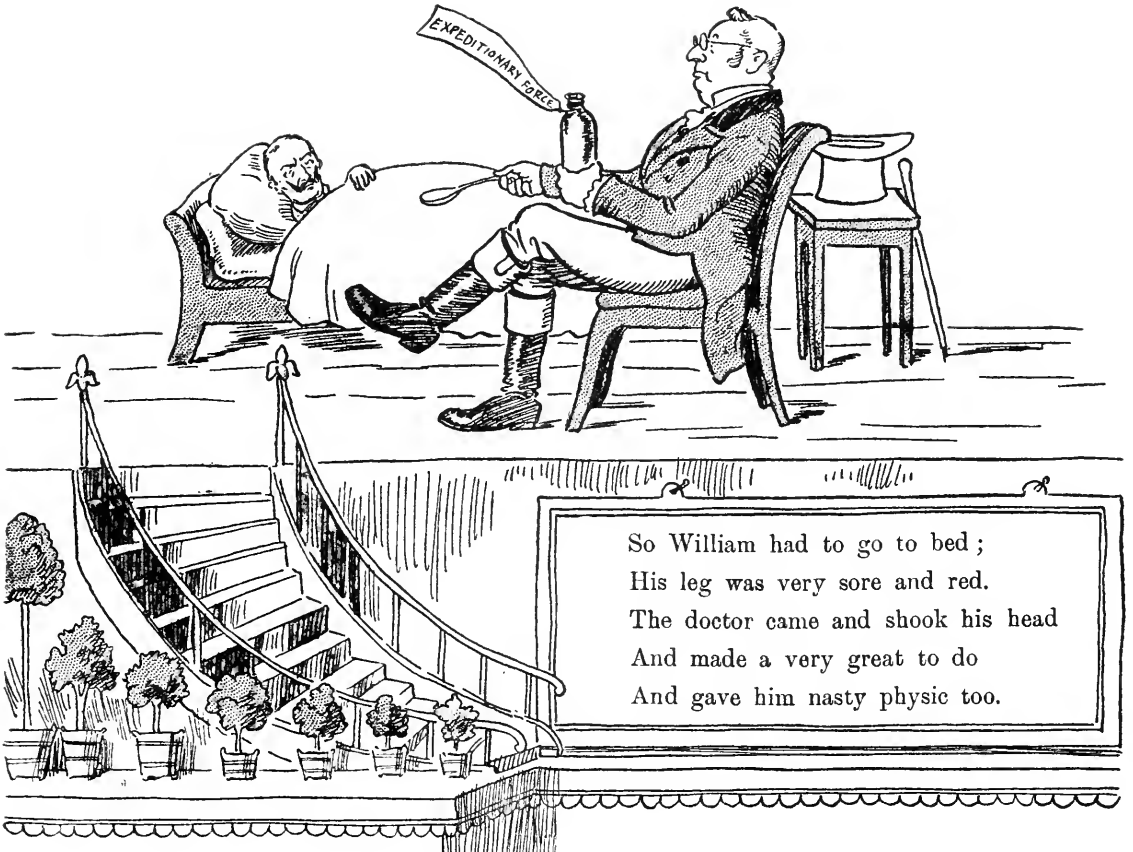


Here is cultured William, see!
An enlightened soul was he.
He killed the doves and broke the chairs,
And threw the Grey cat down the stairs,
And, oh! far worse than all beside,
He hurt his Mary till she cried.
Such stores of "Kultur" Will possessed,
That he'd to spare for all the rest
(Particularly dark Louvain
Sunk in the barbarous inane),
And he vowed the world should be
Just as full of it as he.
Helped by Mr. Krupp of Essen,
Everyone should learn the lesson,
Spread by missionary Huns
Well equipped with bombs and guns.



He tried to march to France one day,
But found the dog was in his way.
So cultured William seized a whip
And threatened Tray and bade him skip.
But Tray was firm; he wouldn't flinch,
In fact he wouldn't budge an inch.

Then William threatened more and more,
And lastly lashed till Tray was sore.
At which the dog grew very red,
And growled, and bit him till he bled.



So William had to go to bed;
His leg was very sore and red.
The doctor came and shook his head
And made a very great to do
And gave him nasty physic too.

But all the world unites to praise
This attitude of good dog Tray's.
And soon, we hope, O what a treat!
The dog, at Will's expense, will eat
The finest banquet ever known,
To recompense him and atone.
The soup he'll swallow sup by sup
The pies and puddings he'll eat up!
And may we all be there to see,
And wish him "*Très bon appetit!*"

3. THE DREADFUL STORY OF WILLIAM AND THE MATCHES.

It almost makes me cry to tell
What foolish William once befell.
He'd grown more headstrong every day
And now was left alone at play.
Upon the table close at hand
A box of matches chanced to stand.
Now Dame Europa oft had told him
That if he touched them she would scold him.
But William said, "Oh, what a pity,
For when they burn it is so pretty!
So long I've waited for this game!
They crackle and they spurt and flame!"

The pussy-cats heard this,
And they began to hiss,
And stretch their claws,
And raise their paws:
"Me-ow," they said, "me-ow, me-o;
You'll burn to death if you do so!"

But William would not take advice
He lit a match—it was so nice!
It crackled so, it burnt so clear
(Exactly like the picture here),
He jumped for joy and ran about,
And was too pleased to put it out.

The pussy-cats were still
Alarmed at naughty Will.
They stretched their claws,
And raised their paws:
"'Tis very, very wrong, you know;
Me-ow, me-o! Me-ow, me-o!
You will be burnt if you do so!

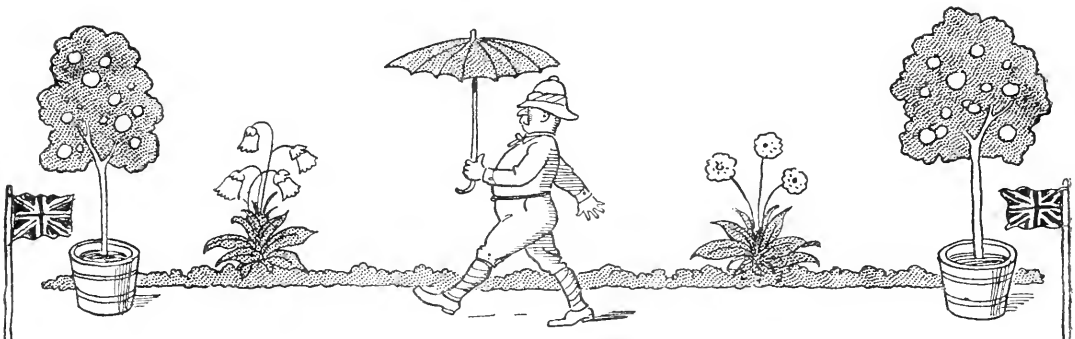
But see, O what a flaming storm !
The fire has caught his uniform;
His tunic burns, his arms, his hair,
He burns all over, everywhere.

Then how the pussy-cats did mew.
What else, poor pussies, could they do?
They screamed at him, 'twas all in vain,
And then they screamed and screamed again
"Make haste! make haste! me-ow, me-o!
He'll burn to death, we told him so!"

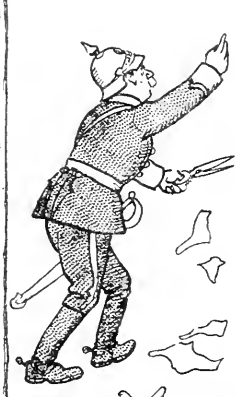
So Will was burnt, with all his clothes,
His arms and hands and eyes and nose:
All perished in a flaming crash—
Except the points of his moustache!
And nothing else but these was found
Among his ashes on the ground.

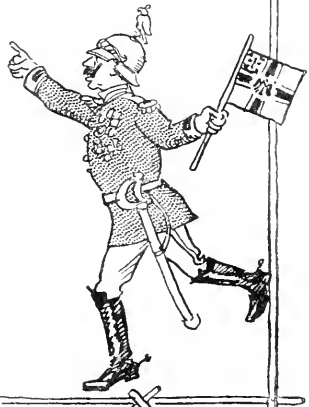
And when the good cats sat beside
The smoking ruins, how they cried!
"Me-ow me-oo, me-ow me-oo,
What will our German Empire do?"
The tears ran down their cheeks so fast
They made a little pond at last.

4. THE STORY OF THE INKY BOYS.

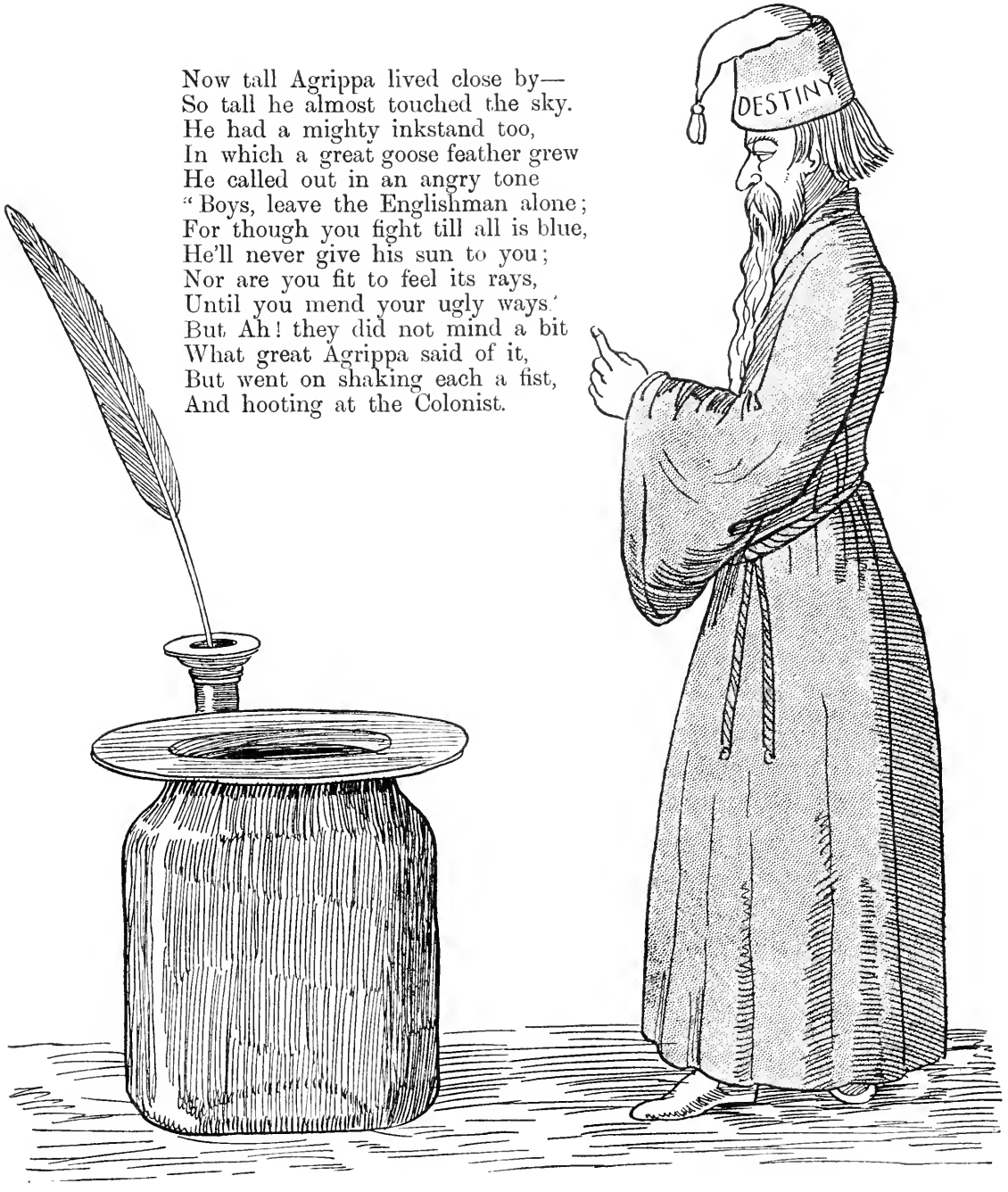


As he had often done before,
For happy centuries and more,
The wealthy English Colonist
(That stranger to the Maily Fist),
Beneath whose skilful, kindly sway
Our vast dominions smile each day,
One summer morning sallied out
To see his lands and walk about.
And as the sun was hot, good fellow,
He took with him his green umbrella.
Then William, little noisy wag,
Ran out and jeered and waved his flag;
And Bethmann-Hollweg, smug and trim,
Bringing his treaty shears with him;
Bernhardi, too, snatched up his toys
And joined the other envious boys;
For all disliked the English race,
And loathed this fellow's prosperous face.
"We also want to feel the sun";
They said, "come, show us how it's done!
We want a place within it, too;
We're more deserving far than you—
We want your place! Yah Yah! Boo Boo'!

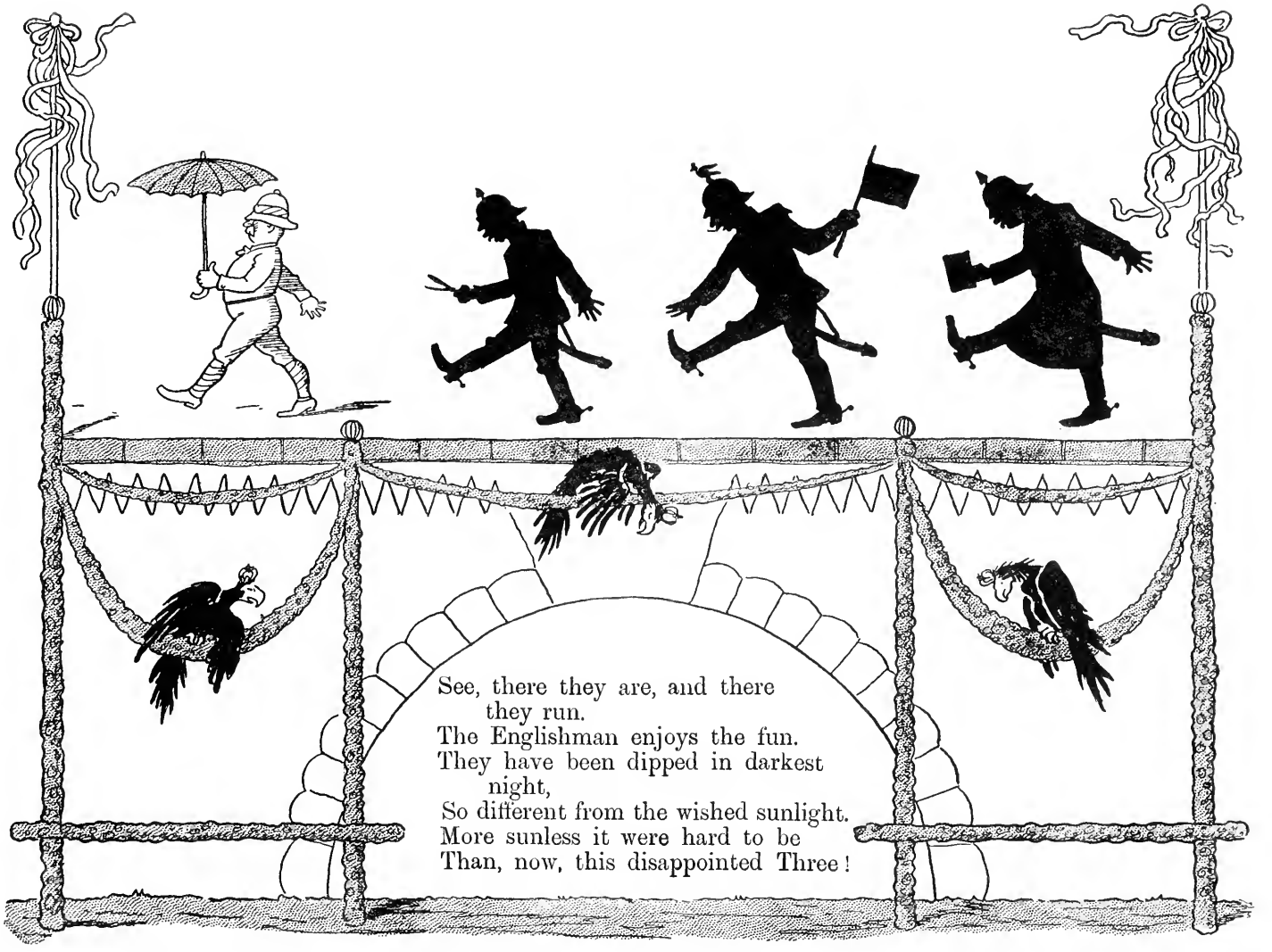




Now tall Agrippa lived close by—
So tall he almost touched the sky.
He had a mighty inkstand too,
In which a great goose feather grew
He called out in an angry tone
"Boys, leave the Englishman alone;
For though you fight till all is blue,
He'll never give his sun to you;
Nor are you fit to feel its rays,
Until you mend your ugly ways."
But Ah! they did not mind a bit
What great Agrippa said of it,
But went on shaking each a fist,
And hooting at the Colonist.

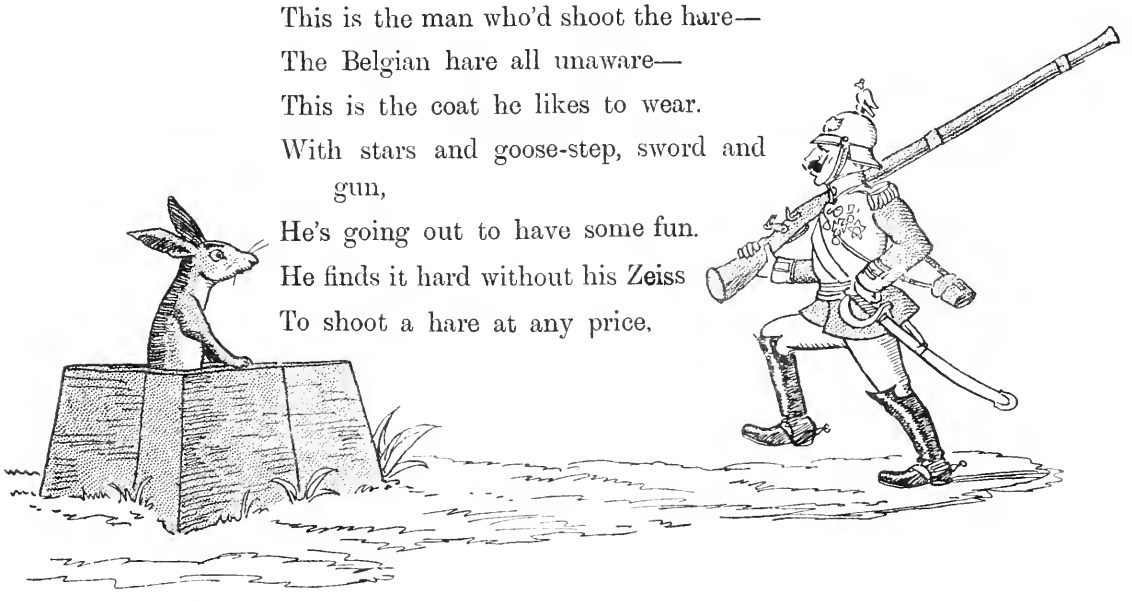


Then great Agrippa foams with rage,
(Look at him on this very page):
"So far from sunlight, I declare
It's darkness that you three shall share!"
He seizes Bethmann, seizes Bill,
And grabs Bernhardi with a will;
And they may scream and kick and call,
Into the ink he drops them all—
Into the inkstand, one, two, three,
Till they are black as black can be.
(Turn over and you now shall see.)

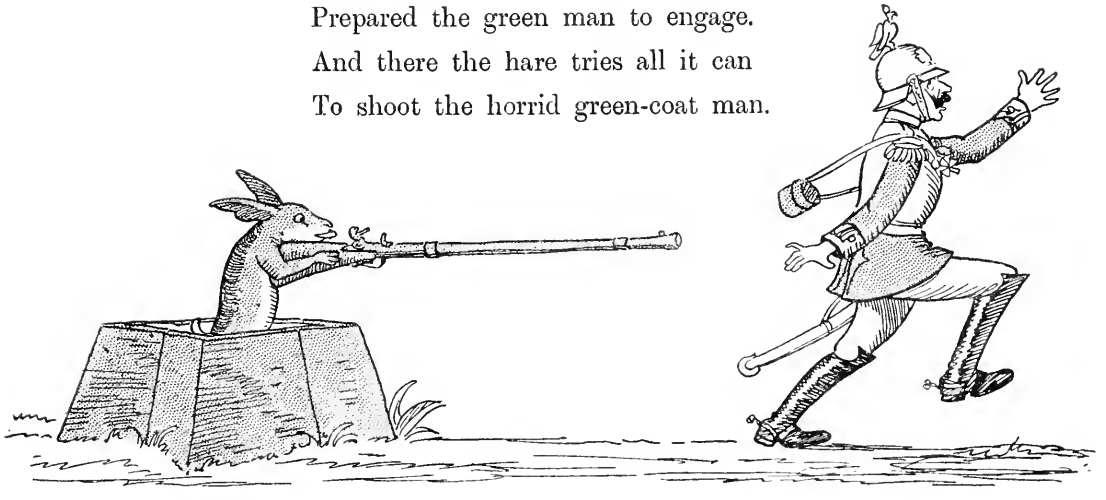

See, there they are, and there
they run.
The Englishman enjoys the fun.
They have been dipped in darkest
night,
So different from the wished sunlight.
More sunless it were hard to be
Than, now, this disappointed Three!

5. THE STORY OF THE MAN THAT WENT OUT SHOOTING.

This is the man who'd shoot the hare—
The Belgian hare all unaware—
This is the coat he likes to wear.
With stars and goose-step, sword and gun,
He's going out to have some fun.
He finds it hard without his Zeiss
To shoot a hare at any price.

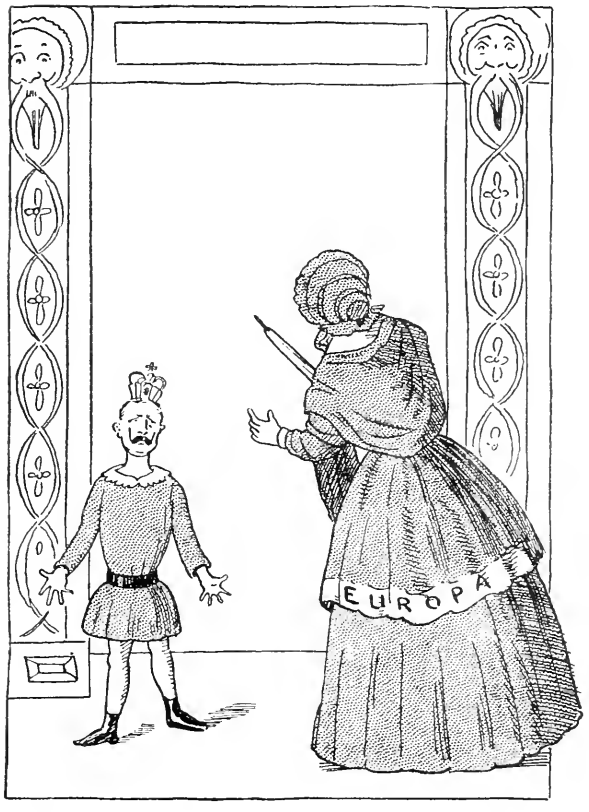


But when upon the scene he came,
The Belgian hare was much too game;
And when this man of Blood and Brass
Said "Bow your head and let me pass,"
The Belgian hare in strong Liége
Prepared the green man to engage.
And there the hare tries all it can
To shoot the horrid green-coat man.

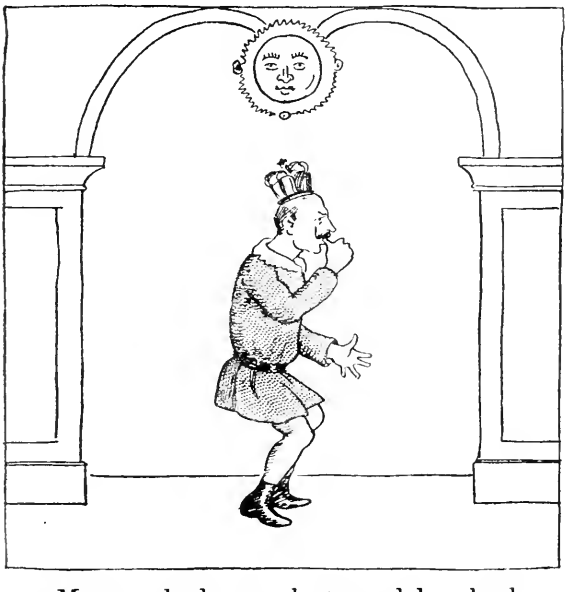


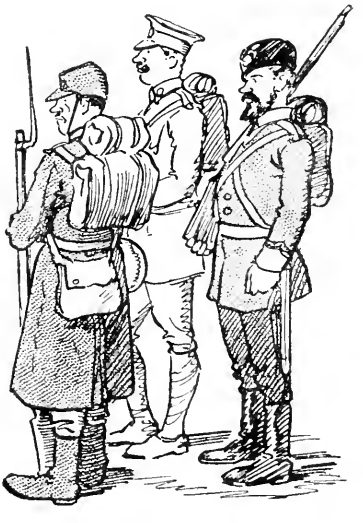
6. THE STORY OF LITTLE BITE-HIS-THUM .

(See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I., Scene I.)

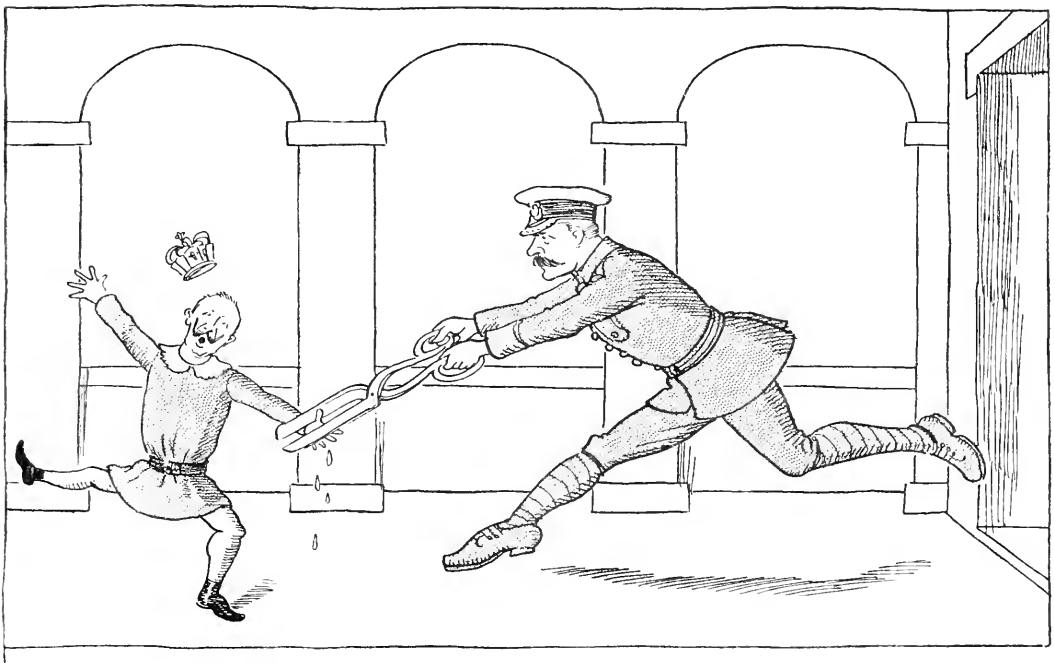


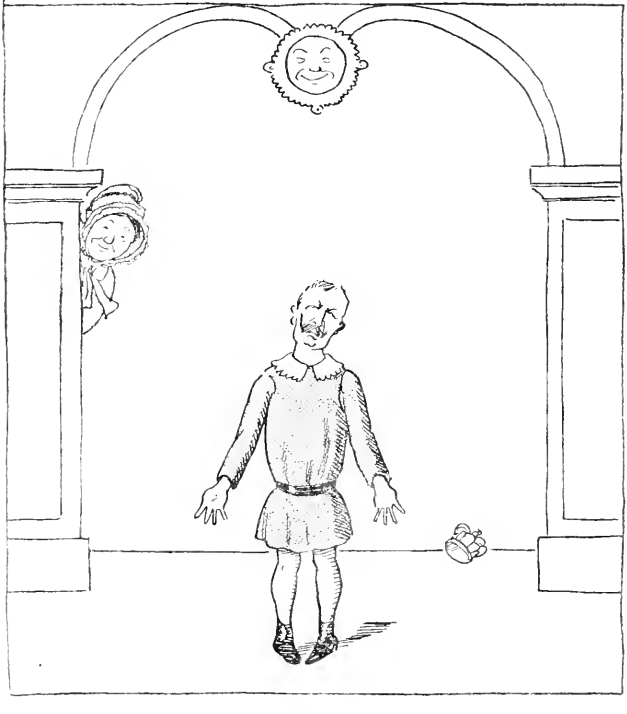
One day Mamma said "William, hark!
There's something you must try and mark.
A habit bad that you've contracted
Must really now be counteracted.
You bite your thumb too much, you know
You bite your thumb at high and low.
The great tall tailor always comes
To Arrogants who bite their thumbs;
And ere they dream that he's about
He takes his great sharp scissors out
And cuts their thumbs clean off—and then
You know they never grow again."





Mamma had scarcely turned her back,
Once more he bit his thumb, alack!

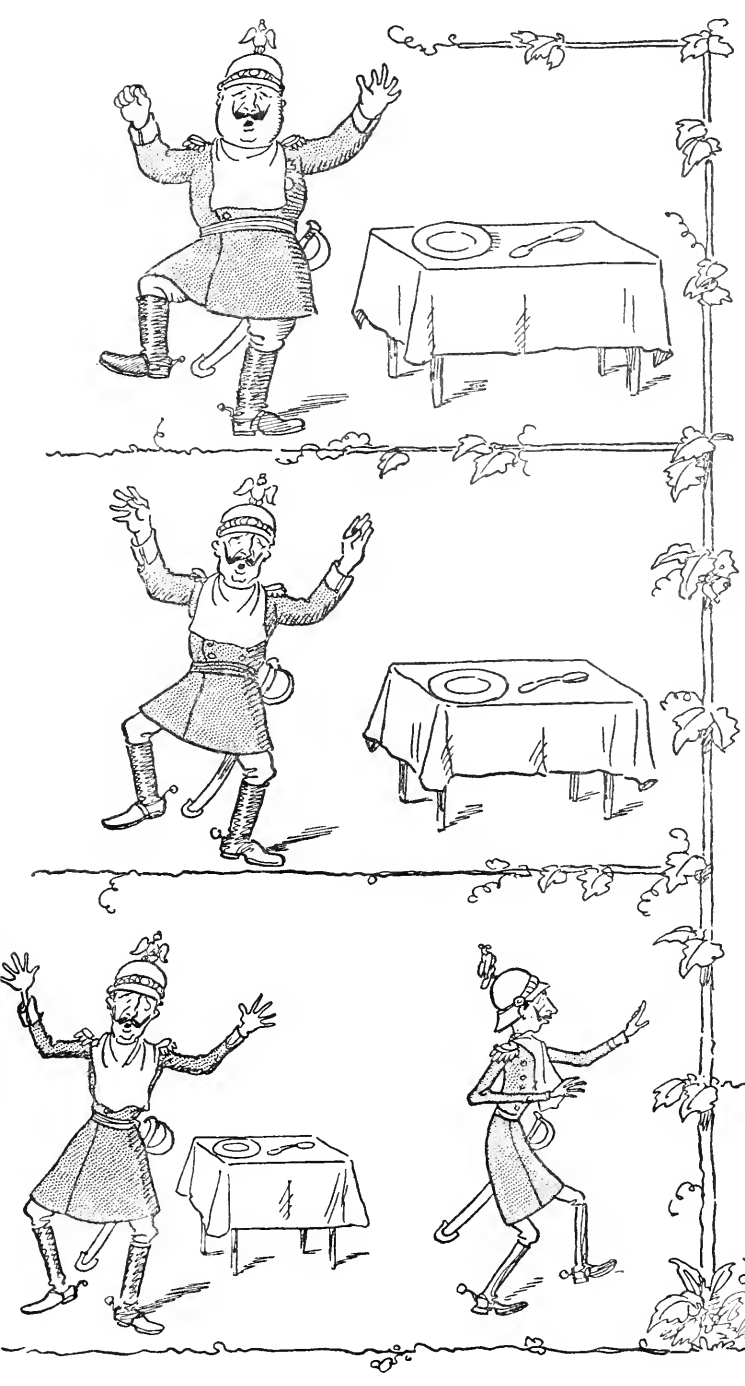




The door flew open, in he ran,
The great, long, brown-legged scissor man.
O children, see! the tailor's come
And caught out little Bite-his-Thumb!
Snip! Snap! Snip! the scissors go,
And William cries out "Oh! Oh! Oh!"
Snip! Snap! Snip! they go so fast,
And both his thumbs are off at last!

Europa smiles as William stands
And looks so sad and shows his hands,
"Ha, Ha!" she says, "I knew he'd come
To naughty little Bite-his-Thumb."

7. THE STORY OF WILLIAM WHO WOULD NOT HAVE ANY PEACE-SOUP.



Now William was a chubby lad,
Fat ruddy cheeks young William had,
And German people saw with joy,
The plump and hearty, healthy boy.
He ate and drank as he was told,
And never let his soup get cold.
(Though now and then, the truth to state,
It cooled a little in his plate)
But one day, one hot August day,
He screamed out—"Take the soup away!
Oh, take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup to-day."

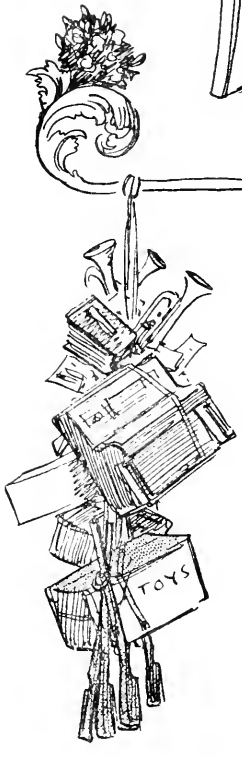
Next month, now look, the picture shows
How lank and lean poor William grows!
Yet, though he feels so weak and ill,
The naughty fellow cries out still—
"Not any soup for me, I say:
Oh, take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup to-day."

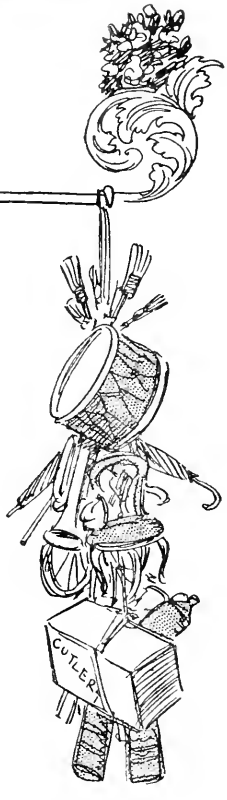
The third month comes; Oh, what a sin!
See how he's growing pale and thin!
And now for soup he'd have a greeting,
But none there is for William's eating,
So naughty has he been about it,
That now he's *forced* to go without it.

Look at him, now the fourth month's come!
He scarcely weighs a sugar-plum;
He's like a little bit of thread,
And very soon he may be dead!

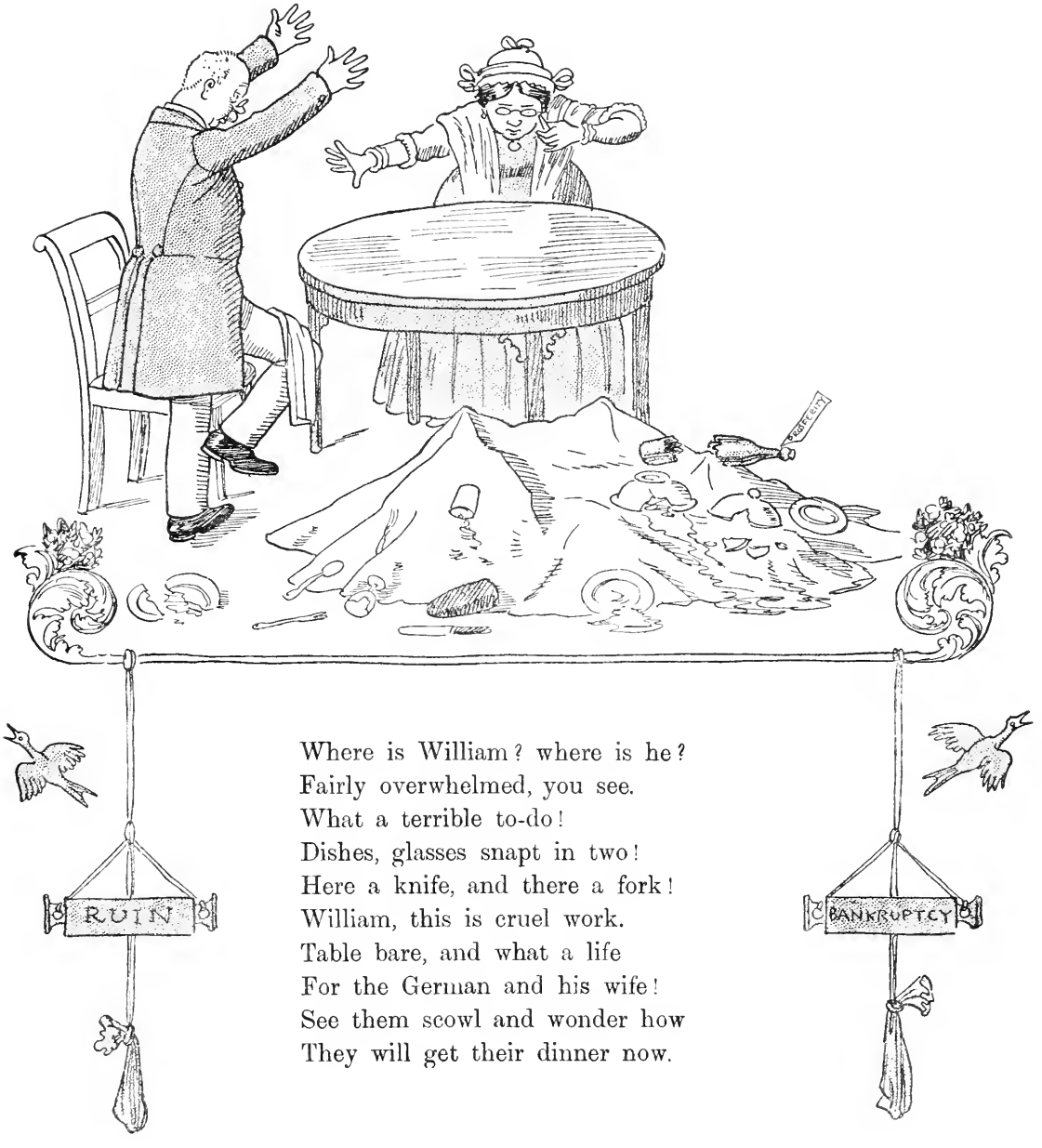
8. THE STORY OF FIDGETY WILL.

"Let us see it William can
Be a prudent business man.
Let us see if he is able
To respect the dinner table,"
Said the Haus Herr: "Now behave!"
And his wife looked very grave.
But Fidgety Will
He wouldn't sit still,
Though the table was laden
  With good things to eat,
And everyone happy
  And smiling and neat,
The house in good order
  And money to spare—
He wriggled
And struggled
  And tilted his chair,
And, all discontented,
  Still threatened the fare.



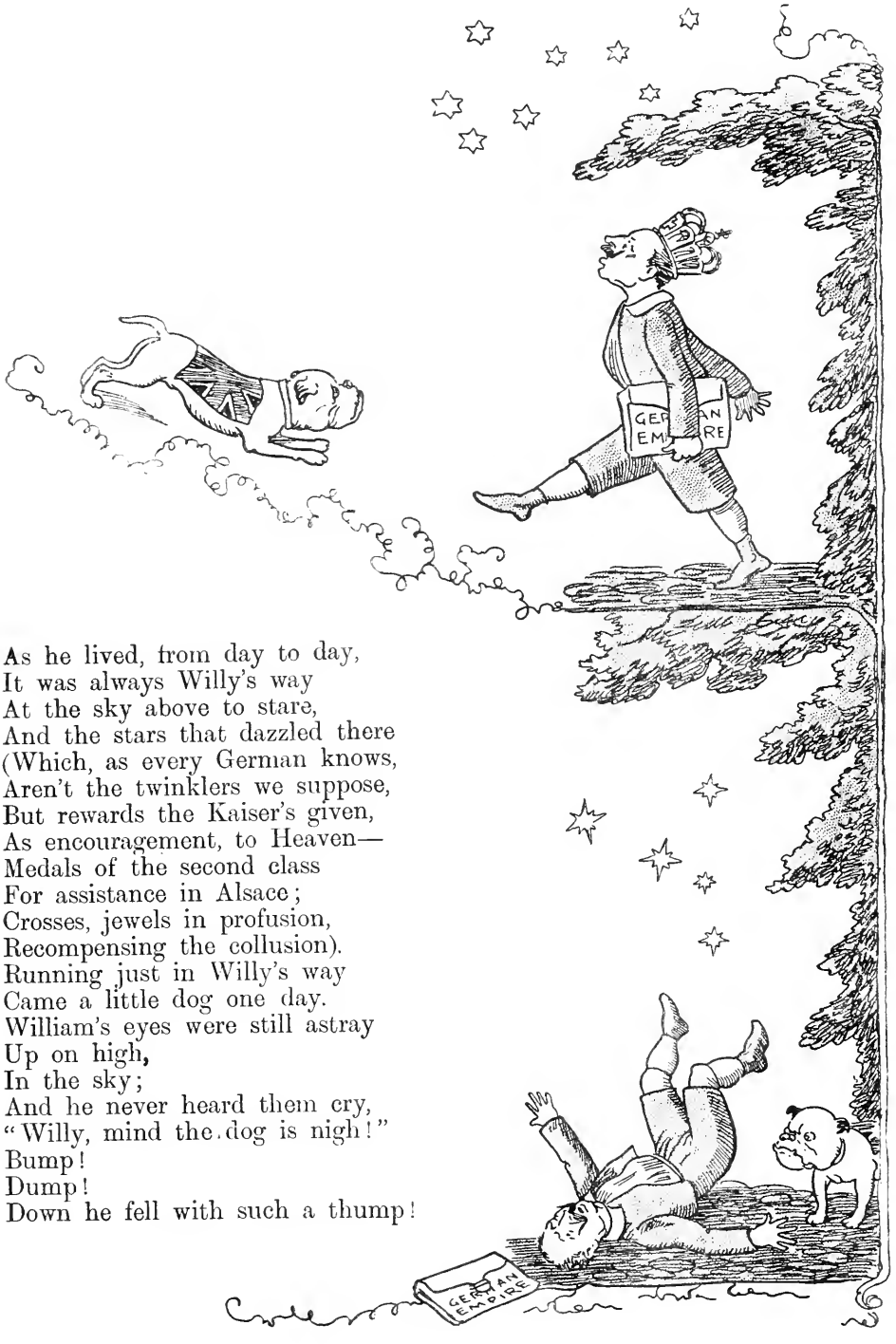


See the naughty, restless elf,
Growing still more fixed on self.
Now his chair falls over quite.
William pulls with all his might,
Down upon the ground they fall,
Bottle, soup tureen and all.
See the Haus Herr fret and frown,
As he sees them tumbling down!
And the Haus Frau makes a face:
William is in sad disgrace.



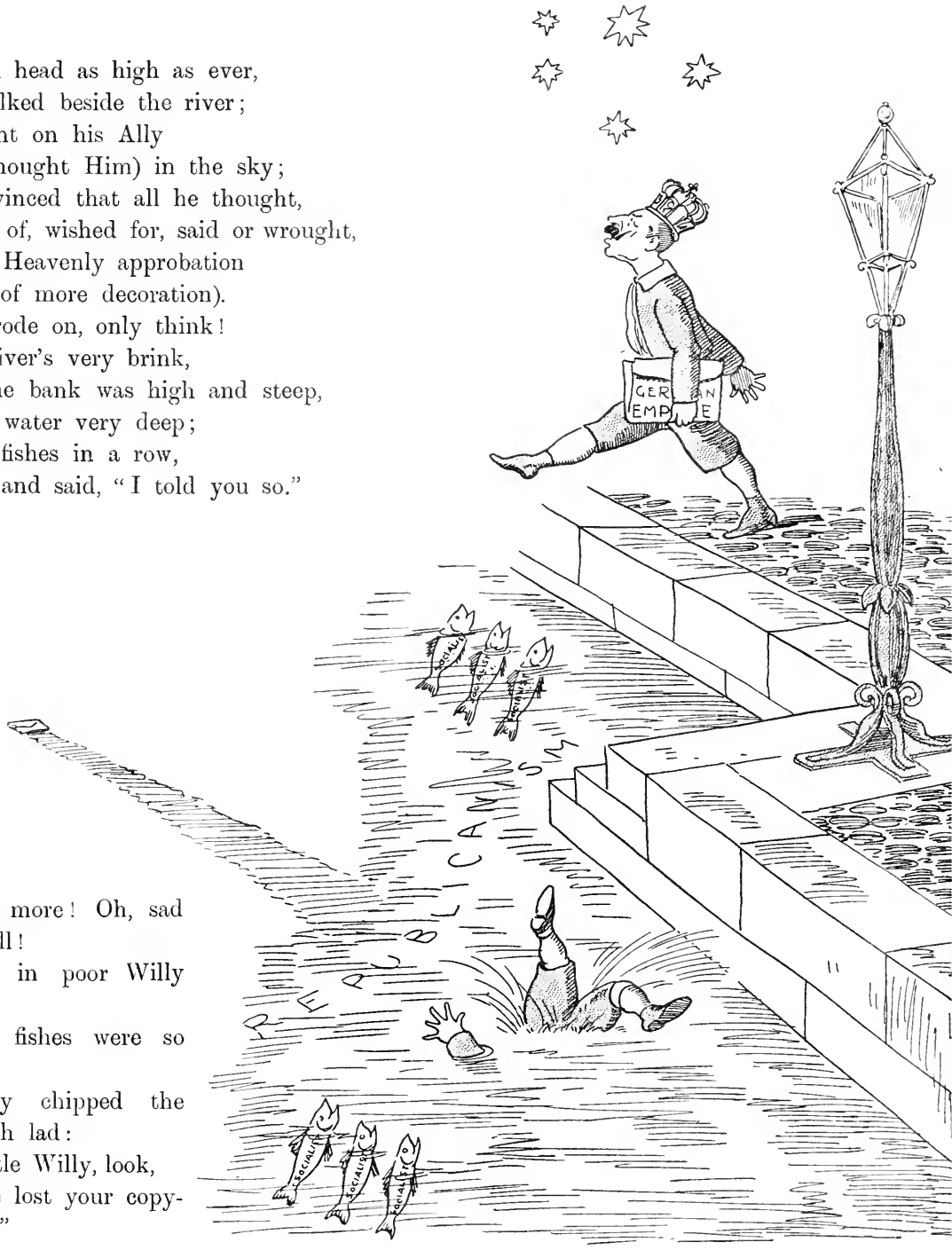
Where is William? where is he?
Fairly overwhelmed, you see.
What a terrible to-do!
Dishes, glasses snapt in two!
Here a knife, and there a fork!
William, this is cruel work.
Table bare, and what a life
For the German and his wife!
See them scowl and wonder how
They will get their dinner now.

9. THE STORY OF WILLY HEAD-IN-AIR.



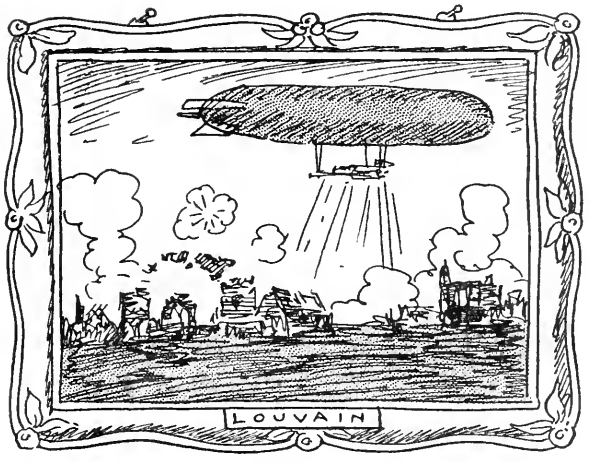
As he lived, from day to day,
It was always Willy's way
At the sky above to stare,
And the stars that dazzled there
(Which, as every German knows,
Aren't the twinklers we suppose,
But rewards the Kaiser's given,
As encouragement, to Heaven—
Medals of the second class
For assistance in Alsace;
Crosses, jewels in profusion,
Recompensing the collusion).
Running just in Willy's way
Came a little dog one day.
William's eyes were still astray
Up on high,
In the sky;
And he never heard them cry,
"Willy, mind the dog is nigh!"
Bump!
Dump!
Down he fell with such a thump!

Still with head as high as ever,
Willy walked beside the river;
Still intent on his Ally
(As he thought Him) in the sky;
Still convinced that all he thought,
Dreamed of, wished for, said or wrought,
Had the Heavenly approbation
(Worthy of more decoration).
So he strode on, only think!
To the river's very brink,
Where the bank was high and steep,
And the water very deep;
And the fishes in a row,
Laughed and said, "I told you so."

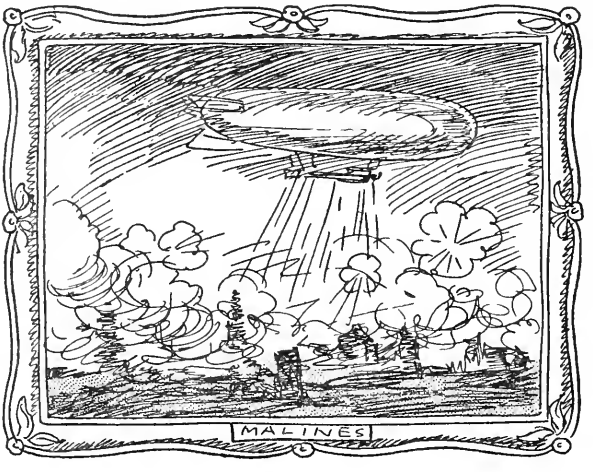


One step more! Oh, sad
to tell!
Headlong in poor Willy
fell;
And the fishes were so
glad,
And they chipped the
foolish lad:
"Silly little Willy, look,
You have lost your copy-
book."

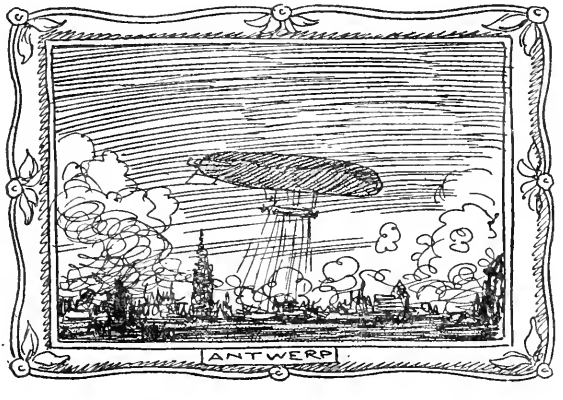
10. THE STORY OF COLLECTING WILLIAM.



William's rare æsthetic taste
Is astonishingly chaste.
Nothing that is really right
Fails to move him to delight;
Such as scenes of desolation
Due to lethal aviation;



Such as landscapes (like to these)
Marking dark catastrophes,
Showing cities bombed and burning,
Famous once for light and learning.



Every day his exhibition
Has another choice addition,
And the latest of these themes
Is a view of ruined Rheims.

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